ants, and guards. The main houses were surrounded by outbuildings—barns, stables, a kitchen, greenhouse, and the like. The Adzhars had looted the main houses at the beginning of the revolution and carried away furniture, pictures, curtains, rugs, linen, silver and china, even windowframes and doors, but left the library, kitchen, and greenhouse untouched. The windows and doors of the mansion had been boarded up for protection against winter snow, while the other house had been refurnished with military cots and unpainted tables and chairs.

I discovered a tiny clearing surrounded by firs not far from the mansion and spent my days there, lying on the grass and trying to keep my thoughts from the revolution of 1917.[2]

One day a horseman emerged from the dense forest. He carried a rifle, a dagger, and a saber, and a band of cartridges encircled his body twice. He dismounted and asked to see the chief. Brought to Jordania, he respectfully told him that the Adzhar princes wished to pay him a visit. Jordania replied he would be glad to see them the next morning.

The princes came at the agreed time—four majestic, gray-bearded men in long robes glittering with silver, with elaborately ornate daggers at their belts and sparkling cartridge pockets on their breasts. Jordania received them at a table set for the occasion in the shade of a walnut tree, in front of the looted mansion. Wine was served. After a long and very quiet conversation, Jordania led his guests to the mansion and took them around the estate. Then conversation was resumed under the tree. An hour later the guests left, bowing respectfully before the President of the Georgian Republic.

Jordania was beaming. I asked him about the discussion.

"First, they told me that this place belonged to the Adzhars and offered their protection," said Jordania. "I thanked them and said we felt safe here and needed no protection. Then they asked if I had enough guards and arms, and I explained that I had no guard in Tiflis, where all people are decent, and needed none at this place, because the Adzhars are known the world over for their honesty, love of peace, valor, and respect for strangers. Then I offered to show them the estate. When they saw my room, they became ashamed of its shabby furniture and offered to return some armchairs taken from the mansion. I said I did not need any. They replied that neither did they need those things; they had taken them only for safekeeping. You see, the Adzhars will never rob you unless you have valuables or weapons."

[2] The booklet I wrote was later published, and I went back to it in writing Part V of these memoirs.